WEEKLY VISITOR,

VOLUME III.

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 28] SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1805. [WHOLE No. 132

Bromley Melmot;

A NOVEL.

Concluded from page 210.

CHAP. XIII.

A SURPRIZE.

MELMOT was one morning seated in an arm-chair; his head supported upon the shoulder of Maria; his languid eyes fixed with rapture upon the lovely hand he grasped in his own, and his mind wandering with pleasing anticipation to scenes of tranquility which he hoped soon to see realized—when the sudden entrance of Mr. Harley roused them both from the pensive reverie into which they had fallen.

Susanna had just left the room, and Marianne was in Burlington street. Mr. Harley addressed Melmot with a benignant smile——

"My dear boy," said he, "I am happy to find the danger of your situation less than I expected; and I have brought with me a friend, who, I am sure, will not be less pleased. Are you well enough to bear a meeting with a person much loved, and from whom you have long been estranged?"

A cold tremor seized every nerve, as he spoke; and the pallid cheeks of Melmot betrayed his consciousness.

"Come, come," cried Mr. Harley, "I may as well kill you with joy as sorrow——Will you, young lady, step and desire Mr. Bromley to walk this way—for I cannot leave this boy, with his weak nerves, upon any consideration?"

He knew not how interesting to Maria this commission was—she flew to the parlor, and threw herself upon the bosom of Mr. Bromley, who was then waiting to receive his nephew:—he clasped her with paternal fondness to his heart, and desired her to lead him to Melmot's chamber. For her life she dared not witness the interview, but hasted to her own apartment, there to give vent to the tears of joy she found impossible to restrain.

Mr. Bromley entered the room, when he received the emaciated, fainting Melmot in his arms, and for a moment, the rapture of their feelings excluded all power of reason.

—"Dear—dear Melmot!" at length exclaimed Mr. Bromley, in a voice broken by emotion——"is it thus I behold thee!—has my foolish credulity driven thee to this!—But think no more of it my Bromley——I will never more forsake thee!"

These tender assurances revived Melmot, who could only faintly articulate his joy and gratitude, and entreat that his Maria might be participater of his happiness, as she had been of his misfortunes. Just then she entered, and a scene of the most affecting tenderness took place.

"My dear children," said Mr. Bromley, "you are indebted to the kind Mr. Harley for this pleasure——through him have I discovered all the infamous means that have been used by the base Mrs. Nettleby to intercept our correspondence and estrange my affections from you;—she was the agent of that most execrable villain, Brauncestown! the malice of her views has, however (thanks to Providence!) been frustrated and I have once more the delight to clasp in my arms my dear children, of whose fate I should not so long have been ignorant, had not a dangerous illness, rendered still more oppressive by the uneasiness of my mind, deprived me of almost all my faculties. Mr. Harley who has conceived a partiality, my dear Melmot, in your favor, conceiving there was a mystery in the whole affair, kindly undertook the fatigue of a journey into Cornwall; through his means I have discovered the whole transaction; and I come to make atonement for my past error by taking you once more into that protection you have ever deserved. And now, Melmot, let me repre-

sent to you the errors of your conduct, which must have led you into a situation the most dreadful, had you not had a friend to watch over your actions, who discovered, with a partial eye, all those virtues which wanted but stability to ripen into maturity. From a too strong spirit of independence, in the first place, you scorned to seek favors from one who might be supposed to confer them reluctantly :——the source was laudable, but not prudent; and you rashly sought, like many of your inexperienced sex, to show your contempt of the world, by drawing down its contempt on yourself. Conscious of your own instability, you could not place confidence in the rectitude of others. Instead of calmly reflecting on your situation, and actually struggling against the misfortunes that seemed likely to oppress you, you yielded to extravagant grief and intemperate folly, rendering yourself by those means despicable to men of sense, and the dupe of villains and needy adventurers.——

But I distress you, Melmot—I hope you are sufficiently convinced of the folly of your conduct, and will in future call in the assistance of reason and patience in whatever misfortune may befal you. Mrs. Nettleby is no longer in my service; and as for the youth whose ignorance caused all the misunderstanding—as the fault originated in his head, and not his heart, a reprimand will be sufficient; and for your affianced wife," added he, smiling at Maria, "I want her now to preside over my desolated mansion. You have, I hope, seen enough of the world, my boy: we will now turn our thoughts to scenes of domestic tranquility."

Percival, entering soon after, joined his most sincere congratulations on the happy change that had taken place; and the thanks of all were directed to Mr. Harley, who received them with a better grace than usual, as the satisfaction which glared on every face impelled a ray on his hitherto irrascible muscles.

About eight o'clock Lord Melfort sent up his name, and begged to be admitted; and Mr. Bromley expressing a wish to make his acknowledgments to him for his kindness to Melmot, his Lordship accordingly found admission; but no sooner entered the apartment than every feature underwent an instantaneous change. Still, as if dubious of the identity of the person who had attracted notice, he appeared reserved; when Mr. Bromley starting from his seat, exclaimed——

Ha!—Montague!——are you here too?"

Lord Melfort with a voice of agony, replied—"Oh! Bromley—you behold in me a true convert!—Had not the late unfortunate events retarded my intentions, I should ere this have made atonement to you in any way you might desire.—To this virtuous circle I owe my conversion, and now throw myself upon your generosity——One word only—Does my son live?"

Mr. Bromley rushed to his arms—— "Augustus!——you are once more my friend!——Your son lives——behold him here." And now captivated he took the astonished Melmot by the hand.——

"Do you, my child, live!——Kneel to that parent who has so long abandoned you!—And may you be the ligament that shall attach him more strongly to virtue!"

Melmot knelt—and the purest pleasure Lord Melfort had ever experienced was in clasping the child of his devoted Fanny to his breast!——"However I may wish to spare my own feelings on this subject," said Lord Melfort, "it is a duty I owe to all my friends, to inform them that the woman for whom I deserted the dear angel, Fanny, proved my curse!—The extravagance and vice she practised drove me into the greatest extremes, and the accident that took her from me, was, I must confess far from disagreeable: our union was but short, and the unfortunate opinion I formed from that specimen so wholly discouraged me, that I gave way to an extravagant libertinism of principle, from which I am at length happily emancipated.

It shall now be the study of my life to make my son happy; and though, from the unhappy occurrences of his birth, he cannot legally possess the title I have lately acquired, his virtues will overbalance disadvantages which the eye of prejudice alone can conceive as material; and Bromley Montague will be as dear to his friends, and all who know his worth, as if he were the ligitimate descendant of a prince!"

"It is not the advantages of birth, alone," Mr. Bromley observed, "that can procure respectability, but intrinsic merit; and of that my dear nephew was never deficient.

It is, without doubt, needless to say, that all differences were finally adjusted. Marianne, no longer under the influence of a truant passion, secured her own happiness in that of her friends; and with the mutual consent of all parties, at the expiration of the prescribed period, Bromley and Maria were united. The house lately Lord Bauncestown's was purchased for Bromley by his father, as a country residence.—The whole party determined to continue in town together during the winter, and in the month of August Susanna gave her hand to Percival.

A handsome settlement was made on the family of the benevolent Butley, who was still living, and thus found the effects of a humane action produce true comfort through life.

Influenced by good example, the affection Marianne had shown to the son was, notwithstanding the disparity of years, transferred to the father; and Lord Melfort had never cause to regret what the world calls the imprudence of marrying a young wife, as his respectful and tender behavior towards her never gave her cause to repent her choice; and the dutiful obedience and mild temper of Marianne compensated for the want of that violent love, which, though productive of the highest gratification during its continuance, is frequently of too capricious a nature to continue thro' life; while a pure esteem, founded on reciprocal merit, seldom fails of ensuring that tranquil felicity, as permanent as pleasing,

Of Bromley and Mrs. Montague we have only to say, that their fond affection for each other, as it could admit of no increase, likewise suffered no diminution in the marriage state, wherein they enjoyed a scene of exemplary domestic virtue!

[*From Poulson's (Philadelphia) Daily Advertiser*]

GEOFFRY GIMCRACK.

——AT the age of seventeen I left college, with very little more learning than I took there. It is true, the class in which I had been, had regularly passed through the study of the languages, mathematics and philosophy—but I had either been very inattentive, or my master very negligent, for all the Latin I knew in the world was *tertium quid*, and all my mathematical knowledge consisted in calculating the area of a circle that would be described by a *whirligig* running round a post at the distance of fifteen feet nine tenths. My father was sensibly hurt at the deficiency of his son's education, particularly as he was his favorite, and as I had cost him a vast sum of money. I told him I was not to blame in the business, for I had tried every thing that my turn of mind would allow, and if they all failed, I could not help it. I then stated to him that I had been upwards of a month at school, trying to calculate at what distance, a fellow with a tight pair of *leather organs* would slide upon glib ice if he was to fall off a whirligig in full motion? This stupidity, as he called it, enraged him to excess——that he should take the trouble of getting a child, bringing him up, and educating him like a gentleman, and that he should never have an idea above a pair of *buckskin small clothes*, was almost distracting, and he had once threatened to excommunicate me from his family, if I did not get the better of my folly.

Shortly after this I was placed to study with a physician---I got tired of gallipots---I was then sent to study law---this occupation I liked amazingly well, and I thought it at the time one of the most pleasing studies I had ever engaged in. In the morning before breakfast, I read *Hudibras*; from thence till dinner time, I read *plays*, *newspapers*, and *Roderick Random*, and from that time till five o'clock I applied myself diligently to learning *songs* and *anecdotes*. As twilight then came on, I could not well see to study much longer, so I took up *Blackstone*, and after casting my eye over two or three pages without reading them, I put it up again in its place.

The progress I made in law cannot be conceived---I strutted about the streets with the importance of a judge---If any body asked what I was doing? told 'em I was *studying law*. I stuck myself up in the bar among the lawyers, and more than once had my vanity gratified by hearing my name mentioned by the young men of my profession, as a *student of law*. But this self consequence did not last long——I found that let me study as hard as I would, I could not understand the meaning of the most simple of the law terms, and my father discovered that what I had read, went into one ear and out of the other. In fine, at the end of one year, when I finished law, I knew no more about it than if I had never *studied* it.

What is also very worthy of notice, about this time I was a considerable *buck*, and my friends took the liberty of calling me a *fop*, merely because I used to parade through the streets with *spurs* and *green spectacles* on. I was also fond of attending the *levees* of my acquaintances, when I knew they had good wine, and so completely was I under the influence of my ruling passion, that I was always for making the bottle *go round*.

A merchant's compting-house next brought me up; here I continued another year, and with the same success as in my former occupations. Instead of copying invoices, I read Gil Blas, and when I ought to have been employed at an account-current, was reading Humphrey Clinker. And what is more astonishing I seldom knew more of a book after I had read it than before, and on this account my readers are to suppose that I am a man of no more understanding than themselves—for I assure them I am not.

Since I quit merchandize I have been a jack of all trades—one day this thing—one day that thing—one day a doctor—one day a lawyer—one day a merchant and one day nothing at all. I am now in my *fortieth* year, and thank fortune, or the ladies, I don't exactly know which; I am an honest, civil, young bachelor.—I spend most of my time in reading trifling books, and writing all kinds of topics.—I have enough to find me in bread without working for it, and thank my ancestors, from whom I have inherited a humorous disposition. I can sing and laugh, and make merry.—I keep a quarter cask of the best Madeira upon tap, and when a friend steps in to say "how are you Geof?" I pour him out a glass, without waiting till he tells me he is thirsty.

And now my kind and sociable reader you are as well acquainted with the modest and unassuming Geoffrey Gimgrack, Gent. as if you had known him man and boy for upwards of nine and thirty years. You will always find him the same good humored and *gimcrack* fellow you have hitherto seen him, and I doubt not that after a little longer acquaintance you will either be *pleased to the life* with his productions, or *tired to death* with them—it's all the same.

COQUETRY.

THERE is no character so truly disgusting as that of a coquette; it originates from folly, is supported by vanity, and terminates in contempt. It is the certain mark of a narrow mind, the illiberal slave of fulsome adulation, and has all its enjoyments increased by self-adoration.

Yet there is a case where a woman may coquette justifiably to the utmost verge which her conscience will allow. It is where a gentleman purposes and declines to make his addresses, till such time as he thinks himself perfectly sure of her consent. This at bottom is intended to force a woman to give up the undoubted privilege of her sex, the privilege of refusing; it is intended to force her to explain herself, in effect before the gentleman deigns to do it, and, by this means, to oblige her to violate the modesty and delicacy of her sex, and to invert the clearest order of nature.

All this sacrifice is proposed to be made merely to gratify a most despicable vanity in a man, who would degrade the very woman, whom he wishes to make his wife.

But it should be distinguished whether from this motive he delays to speak explicitly, or from a diffidence inseparable from true attachment. In the one case he can scarce be used too ill; in the other, he ought to be treated with the greatest kindness.

Women endeavor to justify themselves to the world, and to their own consciences, by a variety of excuses, when they act otherwise. Some times they

plead ignorance, or at least uncertainty of the gentleman's real sentiments.—Sometimes they plead the decorum of the sex, which enjoins an equal behavior to all men, and forbids them to consider any man as a lover, till he has directly told them so. But they are not entitled to plead the obligation of their virtue in opposition to the superior ones of gratitude, justice and humanity.

The man is entitled to all these, who prefers one woman to the rest of her sex, and perhaps whose greatest weakness is this very preference. The truth of this matter is, vanity and the love of admiration is so prevailing a passion amongst the sex, that they can be fond of the love, when they are indifferent to, or even, when they despise the lover.

But the deepest and most artful coquetry is employed by women of superior taste and sense, to engage and fix the heart of a man whom the world, and whom they themselves esteem, although they are determined never to marry him. His conversation amuses them, and his attachment is the highest gratification to their vanity; nay, they can sometimes be gratified with the utter ruin of his fortune, fame and happiness.

How odious must characters of this kind appear, especially when contrasted with those who have principles, have generosity and dignity of soul, that elevates them above the worthless vanity recited!

Such a woman may always convert a lover, if she cannot give him her affections, into a warm and steady friend, provided he is a man of sense, resolution and candor. If she explains herself to him with a generous openness and freedom, he must feel the stroke as a man; but he will likewise bear it as a man: what he suffers he will suffer in silence.

Every sentiment of esteem will remain; but love, though it requires very little food, and is easily surfeited with too much, yet it requires some. He will view her in the light of a married woman; and though passion subsides, yet a man of a candid and generous heart always retains a tenderness for a woman he has once loved, and who has used him well, beyond what he feels for any other of her sex.

THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF PLEASING ALL.

(From a Poughkeepsie Paper.)

THE public, some writer says, is a being with many heads, and consequently, possesses as many different minds, as those can amply testify who are the *servants of its will*, among whom printers, perhaps, are the chief *butlers* and *bakers*.

"Give us more foreign intelligence, (says the newsmonger,) and let domestic politics alone." "Battle the feds; dash away at the demo's, (cries the politician,) a fig for your foreign intelligence, unless you can send Emperor Bonaparte into England up to his knees in blood. We do not want to hear about ships spoken at sea—a courier passing through Hampergoscamperdum——Marshal Helterskelter holding audience with his serene highness, the landgrave of Lubberdegullion——or the marriage of count Waddlewattle with her ladyship the duchess of Winkumsquintam; let your paper detail such *important advices*."

"Hit the federal or democratic editors, (exclaims the third,) nothing I like so well as squabbles among editors; there's some fun in that."

"Let us have another novel, (says Mrs. Fripple,) I like novels monstrously, especially if there is something *scarefid* in them; I wouldn't give a cent for the papers without a novel in." "Novels! (says old Grouse,) Nonsense! give us something about farming; tell us how to destroy the Hessian fly, or something about fining cyder, or wheat upon clover."

"I like novels too, (says Miss Simper,) but besides them I want a good deal more poetry, and a number of queer stories about Ann Necdotes; I love to read them *terribly*." "All wishy washy, (says Jack Galloper,) give us the sports of the turf; tell us about the race between Madame *Scratchthumb* [Thornton] and Mr. *Strikefire* [Flint] and her challenging him after she got beat; that's the dandy."

Thus might we go on almost *ad infinitum*, and describe the modes which Mr. Public points out for us to be guided by, in conducting our paper; and in answer to all this, we can only say, that although we consider our own method best, yet as soon as they can all agree upon one plan, we will cheerfully adopt it, and until then we trust we may be permitted to jog on the old way of giving a little of *every thing* which we consider the *most important*; for

> "If all the land was paper,
> "And all the sea was ink,"

It would be impossible for us to comply with all the demands of the public, until in those demands the public could become more united.

COURTSHIP.

IF the attachment of a lover is agreeable to the object of his wishes, a woman should permit nature, good-sense and delicacy to direct her. If she loves him she should not discover to him the full extent of her love; no, not although she marries him. That sufficiently shows her preference, which is all he is entitled to know. If he has delicacy he will ask for no stronger proof of her affection, for her sake: if he has sense he will not ask it for his own.

Violent love cannot subsist, at least cannot be expressed, for any time together on both sides; otherwise the certain consequence, however concealed, is satiety and disgust: nature in this case has laid the reserve on woman.

If she sees evident proofs of a gentleman's attachment, and is determined to shut her heart against him, she should treat him honorably and humanely.—She should not let him linger in a miserable suspense, but be anxious to let him know her sentiments with regard to him; and this may be done by a variety of ways,—from a certain species of easy familiarity in behavior he may be satisfied, if he has any discernment, he has nothing to hope for,—from solicitously avoiding his company,—from the interposition of a common friend to explain matters to him. But, if these methods are ineligible, opportunities of letting him explain himself, should not be avoided; it is acting barbarously and unjustly. If he forces an explanation, the answer should be polite, resolute and decisive.

THE GAMMON of BACON.

An Account of the odd and ancient Custom of Dunmow-Priory, in the county of Essex, (Eng.)

IN the priory of Dunmow in Essex, there began a custom in the long reign of K. Henry III. which was instituted by Robert Earl of Clare, or by his successor, That he that repented him not of his marriage, either sleeping or waking within a year and a day, nor had any brawls or contentions with his wife, nor made any nuptial transgression within that time, and would take his oath of the same before the prior and convent, and the whole town, kneeling upon two hard-pointed stones, (which are yet to be seen, as I am told, in the priory church-yard) should have a Gammon of Bacon delivered to him, with great solemnity; after which, he was wont to be taken up on men's shoulders, and carried,

First about the priory church-yard, and after, through the town, with all the friars and brethren, and all the town's-folk, young and old, following him with shouts and acclamations, with his bacon borne before him, and in such manner sent home: we find that some had a gammon, and others a fleek, or flitch. For proof whereof, in the records of the house, are found the names of four several persons, who at several times had it, as follows.

Be it remembered that one Stephen Samuel, of Little-Aston, in the county of Essex, husbandman, came to the priory of Dunmow, on our Lady-Day in Lent, in the 7th year of the reign of K. Edward IV. and required a gammon of bacon, and was sworn before Roger Rulcot, then prior, and the convent of this place, as also before a multitude of other neighbors; and there was delivered unto him a gammon of bacon.

Also, be it remembered, That one Richard Right of Badeburg, near the city of Norwich, in the county of Norfolk, came and required the bacon of Dunmow, namely, on the 17th day of April, in the 23d year of the reign of K. Henry VI. and according to the form of the charter, was sworn before John Cannon, prior of this place, and the convent, and many other neighbors; and there was delivered unto the said Richard, one flitch of bacon.

Again, memorandum, that in the year of our Lord 1510, Thomas le Fuller of Cogshal, in the county of Essex, came to the priory of Dunmow, and required to have some of the gammon of Dunmow; and on the 8th day of September, being Sunday, in the 2d year of the reign of K. Henry VIII. he was, according to the form of the charter, sworn before John Taylor, then prior of the house, and the convent, as also before a multitude of neighbors; and there was delivered to the said Thomas, a gammon of bacon.

The above three persons, according to the priory register, were all that made any demand of it, before the Reformation; and since that time, to the present, I can hear of but one man, named Thomas Shakeshaft of Waterfield, in the county of Essex, weaver, who has made a demand of it, which, as the manner of the delivery of it has altered with the times, I will insert in full for the satisfaction of the reader, viz.

A Copy of the register of the manor of Dunmow, certifying the truth of the late claim of a gammon of bacon, by Thomas Shakeshaft, and his wife Anne, on the 20th of June, 1751.

Dunmow, late the priory. } The Court Baron of Mary Hallett, widow, lady of the said manor, there holden for the said manor, on Thursday the 20th of June, in the 25th year of the reign of our sovereign lord George the second, by the grace of God of Great Britain, France and Ireland, king, defender of the faith, and so forth; and in the year of our Lord 1751, before John Comyns, esq. steward of the said manor.

Sworn.	Sworn.
Wm. Townshed,	Daniel Hackford,
Mary Carter,	Catharine Brett,
John Strutt,	Robert Mapletoft,
Martha Wickstead,	Eliza. Haselfoote,
James Raymond,	Richard Birch,
Elizabeth Smith,	Sarah Mapletoft.

At this court it was found and presented by the homage aforesaid, That Thomas Shakeshaft of Whethersfield, in the county of Essex, weaver, and Anne his wife, having been married for the space of seven years last past, and that by reason of their quiet, peaceable, tender and loving cohabitation, during all the said time; they are fit and qualified to be admitted by the court to receive the ancient and accustomed oath, whereby to entitle themselves to have the bacon of Dunmow delivered to them, according to the custom of the said manor.

Whereupon the said Thomas Shakeshaft, and Anne his wife, being present here in court in their proper persons, humbly pray'd, that they might be admitted to take the oath aforesaid; and hereupon the said steward, with the jury, suitors, and other officers of the court, proceeded with the usual solemnity, to the ancient and accustomed place, for the administration of the oath and delivering the bacon aforesaid (that is to say) two great stones lying near the church-door in the said manor: where the said Thomas Shakeshaft, and Anne his wife, kneeling down on the said stones, the said steward did administer unto them the following oath, to-wit,

You shall swear by the custom of our confession,
That you never made nuptial transgression,
Since you were married man and wife,
By houshold brawls, or contentious strife;
Or otherwise in bed, or at board,
Offended each other in deed or word;
Or since the parish-clerk said, Amen,
Wished yourselves unmarried again;
Or in a twelvemonth and a day,
Repented not in thought any way;
But continued true and in desire,
As when you join'd hands in holy choir:
If to these conditions, without all fear,
Of your own accord you will freely swear,
A gammon of bacon you shall receive,
And bear it hence with love and good leave:
For this is our custom at Dunmow well known,
Tho' the sport be our's, the bacon's your own.

The above oath being taken, a gammon of bacon was delivered to the said Thomas Shakeshaft, and Anne his wife, with the usual solemnity.

Thus we see, in the space of 500 years and upwards, there have been four couple, who have sworn to the strict observance of the nuptial vow, three of whom lived in Essex: but whether the Essex men are more happy in their wives than other persons, it is out of our power to determine.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, April 13, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 30 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 10—cold 1—apoplexy 2—convulsions 1—debility 2—decay 1—dropsy 3—dysentery 1—hives 1—inflammation of the head 1—pleurisy 1—scrofula 1—small-pox 2—spasms 1—spitting of blood 1—and 1 of suicide by laudanum.

Of whom 16 were men—7 women—2 boys—and 5 girls.

Of the whole number 6 were of and under the age of 1 year—1 between 5 and 10—1 between 10 and 20—3 between 20 and 30—5 between 30 and 40—4 between 40 and 50—5 between 50 and 60—1 between 60 and 70—and 4 between 70 and 80.

Winchester, March 19.

The most diabolical transaction, perhaps ever recorded in the history of civilized nations, took place at the house of Asa Lupton, of Hampshire county, in the state of Virginia, at mid-day on Sunday the 16th inst. The family, excepting three children, viz. two girls, the one rising eight the other six years of age, the third a fine boy about three and a half years old, had gone to meeting.

The doors of the dwelling house were all locked and bolted, and the children placed in the kitchen, which was connected to the house by a passage. Some time after those who went to meeting had taken their departure from the house, a monster in the shape of a man, not more than eighteen or nineteen years of age, came into the kitchen, and enquired if all the family were absent except themselves; being answered in the affirmative, after a short pause he again repeated his question, and was answered as before. He then walked out, went round the house and picked up an axe, with which he burst open the door of one of the rooms, and rumaged a desk of drawers; from thence he proceeded to the door of the passage leading to the kitchen, which he opened, where he found the children, being attracted by the noise in the house, had gathered to that spot.

He then struck the boy on the head with the pole of the axe, and after he fell gave him another blow: this is the report of the eldest child, and seems confirmed by this circumstance, that the skull was fractured in two places, and some portion of the brain scattered around. It is supposed he then gave the eldest girl a blow (as her recollection at this period is lost) which by some fortunate circumstances seems not to have affected as much as was intended, although it laid her senseless for some time. The other girl was then knocked down, and her skull miserably fractured.

The first object which arrested the sight of the unhappy parents, on their return, was their eldest girl, who had so far recovered as to crawl out of the house and nearly fainting, in endeavoring probably to escape, had fallen repeatedly and made a most hideous spectacle, being besmeared with blood and dirt. They next entered their late peaceful mansion, and, horrid to relate, there discovered their two other darlings prostrate on the floor, near each other, almost covered with clotted blood and apparently lifeless. This was too much for human nature. They retired in agonies indescribable. Even the neighbors stood appalled with horror, and it was some time before any could prevail on themselves to place their bodies on the bed. Signs of life being discovered, every aid which art could give was sought for, and obtained with the utmost celerity. The lives of the two youngest are despaired of; the eldest, it is hoped, may recover, being reserved perhaps by Providence for some special purpose.

The name of the perpetrator of this abominable atrocity, is Isaiah Martin. He was known by the eldest child, she having for some time past been at the same school with him. For the cause of humanity it is hoped testimony sufficient to bring the perpetrator of this unheard of enormity to condign punishment may be obtained.

[The villain Martin was in custody when the above account was written. He had been examined before two magistrates, and ordered to prison, but effected his escape on the night of the 15th the friends of the innocent and unfortunate children immediately advertised him, and offered a reward of three hundred dollars for his apprehension. It will be gratifying to the lovers of justice to know that he was seized on Monday at Baltimore, through the vigilance of the police, and has been committed to the county jail. He acknowledged having escaped from confinement, but denies the atrocious crime of which he stands charged.]

SUICIDE.

On the evening of the 21st ult. Captain MATHEW RIDER, of the schooner Clarissa and Eliza, from Jamaica, shot himself on board his own vessel, at Charleston, in the presence of his mate. A coroner's inquest was held on the body the same evening, and brought in a verdict of *Lunacy*, Catain R. formerly resided in Wellfleet, (Mass.) and has a wife and family in Buckstown, Maine.

A party of young men were on Sunday upset in a sail-boat on the Delaware, and before assistance could be rendered, three of them were drowned. One was *John Richardson*, carrier of the Philadelphia Gazette; and another, a carrier of the Aurora.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

On the passage to this city of the Sloop Anna-Eliza, Capt. Post, belonging to Catskill, *Eliphalet Webb*, was thrown overboard by the boom, on Friday night last, and unfortunately drowned, near Newburgh. It is supposed he has friends residing in the state of Massachusetts.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening last, at Philadelphia, John B. Wallace, esq. to Miss Susan Binney.

On Friday evening last week, Mr. Henry Aldworth, Merchant, to Miss Eliza Peckwell, both of this city.

At East Haddam, (Con.) on the 9th ult. Joseph S. Brainerd, merchant of this city, to Miss Abbey Gelston, of that place.

On Thursday evening, last week, Mr. William Weed, to Miss Fanny Reeder.

At Lanesbury (Mass.) Major Henry Livingston Woolsey, of New York, to Eunice Hubbel, of the former place.

On Sunday evening last, Miss Debby Mirach, of the island of Nantucket, to Mr. James Lynch, painter, of this city.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Ephraim Marsh, to Miss Susan Hanyan, both of this city.

On the 23d. March, at Rye, Mr. Samuel Read, merchant, to Miss Angelica Bogart, both of this city.

DIED,

On the 28th. of January at Greenock, in the 88th year of his age, Captain Alexander Morrison, of the late North Carolina Highlanders, well known in his circle for his zeal and activity in the suppression of the rebellion, 1745, as well as in the American Revolution. He assisted Mr. M'Pherson, not only in collecting the traditions, but in digesting, translating, and writing Ossian.

On Sunday morning, Mrs. Catherine Ball, of Ireland, in the 75th year of her age.

On Tuesday last Mr. John Slidell, sen. in the 74th year of his age.

On the 2d. inst, at his seat at New Rochelle, in the 69th year of his age, SAMUEL PINTARD, *esq. formerly a captain in his Britannic Majesty's 25th regiment of foot. He was a descendant of the French Protestants who on the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, sought an asylum in this country from religious persecution. Very early in life he entered a volunteer in Sherley's Regiment of provincials, raised for the defence of the frontiers of the province of New-York. With the garrison of Oswego, which surrendered to General Montcalm in 1756, he was sent a prisoner of war to Quebec and from thence to France. On his exchange he obtained an Ensigncy in the 25th Regiment, and served the remainder of the war in Germany. He was desperately wounded at the battle of Minden, by the thrust of a bayonet which pierced just above the groin, and the discharge of a ball which passing through his body shattered in its course the spinal bone. Encompassed in the standard which he had the honor to bear, he fell, and was left for dead on the field of action. A vigorous constitution and undaunted spirits, aided the surgeons skill to effect a cure, at first pronounced impossible. The consequences of this dangerous wound, of which he never entirely recovered, were, however, acutely experienced during the latter period of his life. Worn out with debility and infirmity, a painful state of existence, protractad far beyond expectation, was at length terminated, without a struggle and without a groan.*

In private character, Captain Pintard possessed all that urbanity, frankness and benevolence, peculiar to the veteran long conversant in courts and camps. He was beloved and respected, and died lamented by his family and friends. His remains, conveyed to this city, of which he was a native, were on Thursday evening deposited in the tomb of his ancestors in the cemetery of the French Church Du St. Esprit.

Scales, Weights, & Measures.

ABRAHAM CARGILL,

PUPLIC SEALER OF WEIGHTS, MEASURES, SCALE BEAMS, & YARDS,

No. 250 *Water-street.*

Four doors West of Peck Slip;

Where he continues to carry on his Manufactory of Tin, Cepper, Brass, and Sheet Iron, Ware; and keeps on hand, a general assortment of Scales, Weights, and Measures, with a variety of Jappan'd, Pewter, and Hollow Ware.

N. B. Weights and Measures Adjusted and Sealed at a short notice.

W. S. TURNER,

Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street to No. 15, PARK, *near the Theatre; where he practices* PHYSIC, *and the profession of* SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH *upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.——His method also of* CLEANING *the* TEETH *is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.—— In the most raging* TOOTH-ACHE *his* TINCTURE *has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the* DECAY *is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting* CARIOUS TEETH *upon the most improved* CHIRURGICAL *principles is attended with infinite easendas afety.*

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, *where may be had his* ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, *an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the* TEETH *become beautifully white, the* GUMS *are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened* TEETH *are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of* TARTAR, *together with* DECAY *and* TOOTH-ACHE *prevented.*

The TINCTURE *and* POWDER *may likewise be had at G, & R. Waite's store, No.* 64, *Maiden-lane.*

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Price One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's Medicine Warehouse No. 20 Bowery Lane.

PHILANTHROPY REWARDED.

LOUD howl'd the wind, all heaven was sabled o'er,
Lightning in wild confusion, seem'd to fly,
Old ocean madd'ning lash'd the wave-worn shore,
And grumbling thunder roar'd along the sky.

Oh scene of dread! wild horror's fellest form,
Danc'd, wrapt in darkness as he flitted ev'r;
Th' affrighten'd sea-bird, conscious of the storm,
Scream'd from afar, and wander'd for the shore.

When Jack aloft, thus to his mates on deck,
The wind—for heaven's sake, keep her in the wind!
Through streaks of lightning I perceive a wreck;
Up, up, bear up, let's help our foe or friend.

A rope was thrown, just when the lightning blaz'd;
Two sinking tars, thus aided by its fire,
Caught it, were sav'd—bold Jack with transport gaz'd;
They were his brother, and his aged sire.

D. Z.

THE ROBIN RED BREAST.

WHEN the vocal Cuckoo wings
To southern climes his way;
When the Swifts in giddy rings
Their vent'rous flight essay;
When the Linnet droops, forlorn,
Upon the naked spray;
Mute the Black-bird on the thorn,
And Lark that hails the day;
Still the Robin whistles clear,
And braves the fading year.

Other flutterers come and go,
The frolic train of Spring,
Fearful from the drifting snow.
They urge their rapid wing.
Other Warblers cease their strain
When storms forbid to roam,
But Robin then forsakes the plain,
And gives us songs at home:
Let the fickle sporters flee—
The WINTER FRIEND for me!

CYNICAL LINES ON WOMEN.

WOMEN are books, and men their readers be,
In whom, oft time, they great *errata* see;
Here, sometimes, we a blot—there we espy
A leaf misplac'd—at least a line awry.
If they are books, I wish that my wife were
An almanac, to change her every year.

ANSWER, EXTEMPORE.

By a Lady.

WOMEN are books——in this I do agree;
And men there are who can't read A, B, C;
And some, who have not genius to discern
The beauties of the books they wish to learn:
For these, an almanac doth often hold
Much more of science they can unfold,
But, thank our stars, our critics are not these:
The men of sense and taste we always please——
Who know to choose, and then to prize their books,
Nor leave the line direct, in search of crooks;
And from these books, their noblest pleasures flow,
Although perfection is not found below:
With them wee'r in a world of error thrown;
And our *errata* stand against their own.

[For wits, not ladies.]

FASHIONABLE NUDITY.

As Jack, above a Draper's shop,
Saw written Bombazeen,
"Ha, Bet," says he, "I prithee stop,
And tell what that may mean."

"It means fair lady's dress," she cried,
"Who now go naked nearly;
For 'tis so thin, and drawn aside,
'Tis Bum-be-seen most clearly."

"That's true, dear Bet, it is no less,"
Said Jack, the simple hearted;
"And Bum-be-seen's the mourning dress,
For modesty departed."

ON GOING TO CHURCH.

Some go to Church just for a walk;
Some go there to laugh and talk;
Some go there for speculation;
Some go there for observation;
Some go there to meet a friend;
Some go there their time to spend;
Some go there to doze and nod;
But few go there to worship God.

N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer from London, at the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved Chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to instil in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he purposes opening an evening School on the first evening of October next. And conscious of his having reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care, in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of further liberal encouragement in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

W. D. LEZELL.

New-York, No. 17, Banker-street,

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